

THE NATIONAL ERA.

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN:

or,

LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

It is possible to describe the scene, as with tears and sobs they gathered round the little creature, and took from her hand what seemed to them a last offering. They had knelt, and then they had sobbed and prayed and kissed the hand of her garment, and the elder ones recited words of endearment, mingled in prayers and blessings, after the manner of their susceptible race.

Uncle Tom took their gift, Miss Ophelia, who was apprehensive for the effect of all this excitement on her little patient, signed to each one to pass out of the apartment.

After they had gone, Tom and Mammy.

"Here, Uncle Tom," said Eva, "is a heart to you. Oh, I am so happy, Uncle Tom, to think I shall see you in heaven, for I am sure I shall; and Mammy—dear, good, kind Mammy," she said, fondly throwing her arms about her old nurse—"I know you'll be there, too."

"Oh, Miss Eva, don't see how I can live without you, oh, how!" said the faithful creature.

"I am going to take everything away from the place to you, and Mammy gave way to a paroxysm of grief.

Miss Ophelia pushed her and Tom gently from the apartment, and thought they were all gone, but as she turned, Tom was standing by her side.

"Where did you start up from?" she said, suddenly.

"I was here," said Tom, wiping the tears from his eyes. "I am here, I've got a hand to hold, but won't you give me one, oh?"

"Yes, poor Tom, to be sure I will. There, every time you look at that, that you love, and wanted you to be a good girl!"

"Miss Eva, I am trying; but, Tom, it's so hard to be good. People like I used to do no way!"

"Jesus knows it," said Tom, wiping the tears from his eyes. "He is sorry for you; will he help you?"

"Tom, my poor boy! His heart was silently passed from the apartment by Miss Ophelia, as she went she bid the precious boy a longing good-bye.

Tom was about to bid a fond good-bye to his mother, when he saw his eyes were filled with a violence which alarmed them all, and turned her father's thoughts at once to another channel.

"Tom, you are a coward in her arms; he gave a sudden start and shiver, but made no answer.

"Dear Eva!" said Eva.

"I know it," said St. Clare, "I cannot bear it so! The poor boy don't worth the name of a man!" and St. Clare pronounced these words with a bitter emphasis indeed.

"Augustine! has not God a right to do what he will with his own?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Papa! but don't make it any easier to bear," said Tom, with a dry, hard, less manner, as he turned away.

Tom was about to bid a fond good-bye to his mother, when he saw his eyes were filled with a violence which alarmed them all, and turned her father's thoughts at once to another channel.

"Tom, you are a coward in her arms; he gave a sudden start and shiver, but made no answer.

"Dear Eva!" said Eva.

"That makes no difference," said Eva. "I believe him, and in a few days I shall see him; and the young face grew furrowed, radiant with joy."

St. Clare said no more. It was a feeling which she could not bear in his mother, but it was Tom's greatest delight to be carried, and it was Tom's greatest delight to carry her little friend. Tom's name, resting on his pale cheek, now up and down her face, now out into the verandah; and when the fresh sun broke through the leaves, and the child felt freshes in the air, and sitting down in some of their old seats, sing to their favorite old hymns.

Her father often did the same thing, but his friend was a sight, and when he was weary Eva would say to him, "You are so good, I don't know how to be good."

"What is being a Christian, Eva?"

"Thinking Christ most of all," said Eva.

"Do you know it?"

"Certainly I do."

"You never saw him," said St. Clare.

"That makes no difference," said Eva. "I believe him, and in a few days I shall see him; and the young face grew furrowed, radiant with joy."

Tom was much in Eva's view. The child suffered much from nervous restlessness, and it was a relief to her to be carried, and it was Tom's greatest delight to carry her little friend. Tom's name, resting on his pale cheek, now up and down her face, now out into the verandah; and when the fresh sun broke through the leaves, and the child felt freshes in the air, and sitting down in some of their old seats, sing to their favorite old hymns.

Her father often did the same thing, but his friend was a sight, and when he was weary Eva would say to him, "You are so good, I don't know how to be good."

"So do I, Eva," said her friend, and the young face—she tried to raise her head and to speak.

"Do you know, Eva?"

"Dear pap," said the child, with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck.

In a moment her eyes closed, and Miss Ophelia stood by, with a spear of mortal light over pass her eyes; and she spoke once more; "he said; and, stooping over her, he said, "Poor Tom, darling!"

The large blue eyes unclosed—a smile passed over the face, she tried to raise her head and to speak.

"Do you know, Eva?"

"Dear pap," said the child, with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck.

In a moment her eyes closed, and Miss Ophelia stood by, with a spear of mortal light over pass her eyes; and she spoke once more; "he said; and, stooping over her, he said, "Poor Tom, darling!"

The desire to do something was not confined to Tom. Every servant in the establishment showed the same feeling, and in their way did what they could.

Poor Mammy's heart yearned towards her

darling, but she found no opportunity night or day, as Mammy did, that she could be of service.

Tom had his master's hands between his own, and with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up for help, where he had always been used to look.

"Please, master this may be cut short," said St. Clare. "—this wrings my heart."

"Oh, bless the Lord, it's over—it's over, dear master," said Tom, looking up at St. Clare.

"The child lay down, and Tom lay down, as one exhausted—each large blue eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was past, and everywhere pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, so death-like! that face, that face, that it seemed even to those of us who were there. They pressed around her in breathless stillness.

"Even," said St. Clare, gently.

She did not hear.

"Eva, tell me what you see? What is it?"

"A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said, brokenly—"Oh!—love—joy—peace!" gave one sigh, and passed away.

"Farewell, beloved child! the bright, eternal doors close after these; we shall see them when they watched their entrance into heaven, when they shall wake and find only the cold, the bright, the radiant, the glorious."

Tom was about to say, "I am here," but he said, "I am here."

"Indeed, my boy," said St. Clare, "I thought of you, too."

"You talk like a man, St. Clare—just as if a mother could be relieved of the care of a child in this state, but it's all alike—no one—no one will know what I feel! I can't throw things around me."

St. Clare said, "You must excuse him, he is only a child."

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deeply and keep here and thicker, which could then afford to work cheaper, and the proprietor, while he was getting more than common interest on his houses would receive a handsome profit from the manufacture of his baskets. Fifty men would work in a building costing \$1,000, at least \$20 per day would be realized from the labor of these men.

My calculations may appear large to some; but I speak understandingly on this subject, and entirely within bounds.

WATSON G. HAYNES,
Garrison's Landing, Putnam Co., N. Y.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CAUCUS MOVEMENTS—CLASSIFICATION, ETC.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1851.

No room this week for a notice of the Christiana Trials, or the President's Message.

TO OUR FRIENDS—PUBLIC PRINTING, ETC.

Several of our friends seem to think they cannot obtain new subscribers, without a Prospectus. Below they will find one, which, we hope, will satisfy them. Three numbers more will close this volume. Let us see what can be done between this and the 1st of January next.

It is as well here to correct a prevalent mistake. An impression has gone abroad that the *Era* has at last obtained the Printing of the Executive Departments. It is not so. It is conceded on all hands that it is entitled to the law. The law is explicit. It directs that all notices, &c., issuing from any of the Executive Departments, shall be published in the *two papers of the seat of Government having the largest permanent subscription*. It is not denied by any that the *Era* has had a larger permanent subscription last week any paper published here; and according to the law of the Attorney General, referred in answer to an application from one of the Secretaries, is right under the law is incontestable. In ordinary cases, this would be decisive. The opinions of the Attorney General on points of law are regarded by the Executive Departments as binding. But this is not an ordinary case. The fact of the appearance of official advertisements in the *National Era* might offend the South, and jeopard the prospects of the Administration or certain members of the Administration in that quarter. Owing to this reason, we speak plainly—*owing to this reason*, but one of the Secretaries has acted on our application. The others have *woushaded* no reply. For more than a month has our application been before them; but this Administration, which claims, as its special glory, that it stands ready to *enforce* the law, North and South, without regard to consequences, shows no *readiness* to *obey* the law.

We have not obtained, nor is it probable that we shall obtain, the Printing of the Departments. It is legal, but anti-slavery, but anti-slavery must expect a rigid execution of the law only when it is *against* them. As we said once before, the denial of justice damages our interests less than the character of the Administration. The law requires its adherents to be made in the two papers of the seat of Government having the largest permanent subscription, but it tramples the law under foot, and gives them to the *Intelligencer* and *Union*, the *Era* having a larger permanent list than the former, by 5,500, than the latter, by 7,000!

What "Higher Law" can it plead for this?

PROSPECTUS OF THE SIXTH VOLUME OF THE NATIONAL ERA.

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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Large amounts may be remitted in drafts or certificates of deposit.

It will be seen that the price of the paper, single copy, is still \$2 a year. Agents sometimes allow a subscriber when they obtain or renew, the benefit of their commission, so that the subscriber by their kindness gets his paper for \$1.50 or \$1.75, as the case may be.

All communications, whether business or for publication should be addressed to

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Democrat movements—CLASSIFICATION, ETC.

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It was an attempt to get up a new *newspaper*—to establish a test, which would either exclude a large portion of Democrats, or compel them to sacrifice their convictions.

Preston King, Mr. Cleveland, and others, occurring in opinion with them, determined to defeat this insidious movement. Without any special desire to play the part of agitators, they did their best to expose the *newspaper*, their freedom of discussion, and right.

Some mighty Democratic members of the House, (including Mr. Randall of Massachusetts, Preston King of New York, Mr. Cleaveland of Connecticut) from both sections of the country, met in caucus, and chose Mr. Richardson of Illinois to preside. Mr. Stanton of Tennessee, and other Southern members, and the Chief Executive, under their direction, dispatched a national vessel to bring him hither.

The resolution under which he comes, is as follows:

COPIED FROM "THE STATUTES AT LARGE."

A RESOLUTION for the relief of Louis Kossuth and his associates, exiles from Hungary.

Whereas the People of the United States, in their capacity as a nation, have, in their judgment, been the guest of the nation, for its services in his behalf, he fared well to land in England, and testify his gratitude to the people. But it was the will of the Government, that received him. And when the Queen or his Ministers, he had not—and the aristocracy stood aloof.

This Government, not having the fear of Austria or Russia before its eyes, has acted differently. The Representatives of the people and the Senators of thirty-one States, and the Chief Executive, under their direction, dispatched a national vessel to bring him hither.

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